

Sketch

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Article 2

Again

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Again

Paul Iasevoli

Abstract

A little light flickered over the edges of your eyes, And you told me it was just the Moon
paying you her nightly visit;...

"Let's see it."

He stretched out his elbow to her. She bent her head down and squinted to see the scratch.

"I think I need a Band-Aid."

"I guess we better go back to the house and get you one. Then, you know what? Mr. Wobbley's going to take us all to the lake, and I'll show you how to *really* skip a rock."

"Really?"

"Sure," she said. She got up and lifted him to his feet. "Come on, I'll race you back. Last one there's a rotten egg."

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Again

by

Paul Iasevoli

Spanish 4

A little light flickered over
the edges of your eyes,
And you told me it was just the Moon
paying you her nightly visit;

I sighed again and smiled
Through smoky panes of glass
that filled the room
like silent mirrors reflecting nothing.

And you stood before me
steel-gray and blue;
Wrapped in moonlit linen
like some ancient god.

Our fingers entwined in little knots
freezing us both in steel-gray blue;
As you fell through a smoky mirror
with moonlight still brimming from your eyes.

And I sighed.
And I smile.
Again . . .